Glamour Photography

TRADEMARK REGISTERED, U. S. PATENT OFFICE

PRICE 50c

SUMMER 1957

THE GLAMOUR STUDIO ON WHEELS

the great cross-country GIRL HUNT

Glamour Photography no. 5

TRADEMARK REGISTERED U. S PATENT OFFICE

Coop for Chicks

New Talent

Turn-Tail Girls

The Eager Kind

Honey Bears

Small Town Girl

Glamour Photography is dedicated to that happy province of photography – the creative interpretation of the girl beautiful. The magazine is designed to give the camera man a better understanding of the technical and philosophical aspects of photographing pretty girls.

GLAMOUR
PHOTOGRAPHY
61 7th Ave. South
New York, N. Y.

Picture opposite page: Earl Leaf

the great cross-country
GIRL HUNT

three restless photographers pack cameras and boodle bags and make an incredible cross-country trek in a search for beautiful girls—exotic, dreamy, petite, shy and wacky

The Hunt

PHOTOGRAPHERS are a restless lot. Three men in Bridgeport, Conn., recently showed just how restless they can be by embarking on a transcontinental saga — an endless search for provocative female subjects.

The three dauntless photographers were: big, brusque Duane Tasker, fresh from an assignment with Trans-Arabian Oil involving nothing but sand, pipes, gauges and tanks; Harvey Turtz, a small-town portrait photographer and Ben Willard, a hank and hair fashion photographer bridling from the bruises from bony elbows and out-thrust hipbones.

As a trio, they were much less matched than the Andrews Sisters. Turtz is a head shorter than Tasker, more on the round side, and Willard has to be identified as the one on the left when he's standing beside a folded tripod. Tasker is known to challenge fate, Turtz to roll blandly with it and Willard to doubt its existence.

When Turtz wrote the editors about his plan for a cross-country girl hunt, we pitched in at once with a beer-can opener and two cans of K rations. As a challenge to other photographers, we publish here the highlights of their story. *Eds.*

The Chase Begins

AT THE *Black Falcon Bar* in Bridgeport, Conn., Duane Tasker and Harvey Turtz stared at fellow photographer Ben Willard as if he had a hole in his bellows. When a leggy, animated, busty cotton-top girl swept within tasting distance and Ben looked right through her, Turtz grumbled, "That does it! This guy is just not synchronizing . . . it's inhuman!"

"Let's face it," Tasker added. "He's up to here with shooting dames. They all look alike to him. He's developed a mental block—like trying to work with available light in a coal bin. He's shot up all his flesh bulbs."

Willard sucked up another gulletfull of beer and eyed his friends with disdain, declaring, "Dames is dames. The knee-whacker in Dubuque is no different from the sugar-dipper in Memphis."

Turtz addressed Tasker as if they were privately discussing a refracted zoomar: "We can't let him be a dis-

(*Continued on Next Page*)

YOU'RE THE HUNTER and you're on a hunt. Are you on the scent of water buffalo, the Ovis Canadensis or a gaggle of springbok? Not quite. Your meat is quail and you have tied up the hounds, for this species responds to the tender touch, the deft technique, the strategic approach. You learn a number of surprising items about your game from the time you first hitch your boodle bus to your convertible and leave Connecticut to the time you splatter your feet in the salt water of the Pacific. The versatility of camera locales will refresh you.

Should you bait your field with dry martinis, song annd dance, glib patter, legal tender, and other goodies? You find the answers to all these intriguing problems as time and the miles roll by.

The Great Girl Hunt

grace to the profession. Imagine a photographer with more concern over double exposure than female exposure. Here, friend, is a cause we must rise to."

They made a big thing of kicking some weird ideas around, like two mad cackling doctors discussing a declining patient. Out of it came the idea for *The Great Cross-Country Girl Hunt,* or *Photographers Have More Fun Than People.* They saw in it a double challenge: that of a sporting camera safari in search of the *sultry,* the *innocent,* the *endowed,* the *petite, new faces,* a different place every day, inspiring backgrounds, different atmospheres and especially new girls all the way; and there was the challenge of convincing a jaded fashion photographer he had looked at girls upside-down too long and that there *is* a difference. They agreed to head West towing a haul-it-yourself trailer.

The trailer, rental $62, served as dressing room for models where they found them, darkroom, equipment carrier and bunkhouse when funds ran low. With $376 between them, they knew they'd have to supplement their beer and mileage funds with pictures sold along the way—to calendar firms, magazines and ad agencies — and in a pinch they could resort to the age-old "kidnapping" dodge—renting a tired pony and selling prints of sticky-fingered kids to their mamas. They figured if the three of them couldn't get enough good pictures along the way to make it pay, they ought to have their solenoid fingers tied back.

With Tasker's Chev convertible dragging the trailer, they pulled into New York City to take on camera supplies and wet goods. Mission accomplished, Tasker jockeyed out of the Times Square traffic to head for the George Washington Bridge. He was delayed momentarily when Harvey Turtz bolted out of the car at a stoplight and took off down the half-inch of real estate called Schubert Alley. He'd been lured by a pair of well-turned, tights-covered legs flashing beneath a mink coat. He caught up and cornered the little black-banged charmer at a stage door.

Thinking the universal sign language of a poised camera would do the trick, Turtz flushed as the doll whipped a Minox out of the mink, shot him, gave him a "So, there, wise guy" look and disappeared inside.

Turtz dragged back and slumped into the car.

"Lesson one," he moaned. "We gotta watch it—these dolls may out-smart us."

It was driving-lights time when they hit Jersey City and Turtz insisted the big hunt pause for a night at the Catalpa Inn.

"There's this cutie who brushes a bongo drum in the combo," Turtz briefed them. "She'll still be there because she owns a piece of the place..."

They got stools at the circular bar and the combo came on in the middle of the second stein. The skin-top blonde caressed the mike and leaned over the drum, giving the front row barflies popsies.

How to Make the Kill

Tasker and Turtz turned expectantly to Willard. He was studying his beer.

"Deploy," he mumbled, getting up and moving to a vacant booth in a corner. They reluctantly followed.

"Sexy, but not salable," he told them, not even glancing at the blonde. "Now to make this thing pay, we can't be banging away at all the big breasts we run across. Let's get selective and

consider ways and means."

"The cocked camera is a good enough intro with any dame," Tasker insisted.

"Yeah, that Schubert Alley dame was a ringer," Turtz growled.

"The approach was wrong," Tasker opined. "Too precipitate. If that same doll was with another one and you singled HER out for a shot, her ego would have put her right in your frame-holder."

"I like the curiosity technique," Willard said. "You casually look over a bunch of your prints—visual promotion—and she gets interested and wants to be the next exhibition print in your portfolio."

"Why not walk right up and wave green-stuff?" Tasker wanted to know. "Shows you're professional, all business."

"I like to get 'em from a blind," Turtz said. "They don't get all posy and stiffen up. Or set up a situation in a park or on a busy corner where the girl walks right onto the 'set' and you get her doing what's natural before she realizes she's involved."

"Any doll who has ambition will trade you poses for prints," Tasker added. "Trouble is, some of them are like sticks—won't bend the way you want them."

"Ever browsed in an art supply place?" Willard mused. "They have foot-high wood mannequins for about $15. Jointed just like humans. You get one of those and set it up in every pose you can imagine and you get to appreciate anatomy—what you can do with the human body and what you can't do."

Turtz hardly heard him. He was more in a mood to vindicate himself concerning the blonde bongo brusher. But when he looked her way she was taking a break and the guy she was playing eyesies with was the bull-necked bouncer.

Turtz had an opportunity to put his "from a blind" theory into action at a gas stop in Harrisburg, Pa. The comely, uniformed gal attendant bending over to check the dip stick put his 35 mm. into his hand and the urge to chalk up as many situations as possible from inside the car. Unwittingly, she obliged by looking exceedingly fetching as she cleaned the windshield, squatted to check the tires, bent over to listen for the gurgle of the shut-off on the gas-hose and tight-pantsed into the station to make change.

Zanesville, Ohio, has the only Y-shaped bridge in the world. It's an out-moded traffic boo-boo, but they're proud of it. Figuring the age of the bridge and all the angles, Willard ignored it in favor of what he called some "bread and butter" color shots of coal barges on the river. By contrast, Turtz and Tasker came back empty-handed from an impulsive foray onto a high school volleyball court where the bulk of the girls were beefy and the others too giggly.

In Zanesville, Tasker suggested they turn south on a state road west of Buckeye Lake for Lexington, Ky.

"Out of the way, maybe," he reasoned, "but there's a gal I used to go with there who makes any camera focus automatically."

Turtz had never seen Blue Grass country, so he made the turn without asking Willard.

Lexington has boomed like crazy in the past several years and after a long afternoon of locating Tasker's old flame, they found she had boomed too—all in the wrong directions.

The Girl in Room 506

They gave him a bad time about the tour de farce, but Tasker was vindicated when they had breakfast in the hotel grille the next morning. There was this waitress who looked good bending toward them at their table and bending away from them at the table across from theirs.

Tasker winked and sidled back to their room for a handful of prints. Every time the girl came to their table or anywhere near it, they were poring over the prints in animated discussion. The more glances at those pictures she got, the more she hovered around.

When she brought the check, she pointed at one and asked, "That a Lexington girl?" When they told her it wasn't, she dead-panned, "Looks like someone I know, but I bet I could pose better than that."

"Come up to 506," Turtz told her, "and we'll find out." He left a nice tip.

She was there right after the breakfast hour and it was all they could do

(*Continued on Next Page*)

The Great Girl Hunt

to keep her from skinning out of her uniform before the door banged shut.

Tasker undid two buttons at the top, pulled it down over her shoulders and tightened it in the back with clothes pins. She looked like she hadn't been sanforized. She wanted to show, but they were in need to sell and kept her halfway clothed long enough to get some calendar-type art. Then she had her way about getting out of her uniform and Turtz got so rattled that a whole roll of Rollei film threaded around his ankle before he could get with it.

She had to get into her clothes and go down for the lunch hour then and Tasker and Turtz dropped in happy exhaustion across the bed. Then, as one, they looked to Willard for an expression.

"Standard," he monotoned, uncorking a filmholder.

"Noticed you were shooting plenty," Turtz came back.

Willard shrugged and told them, "I was shooting close-ups of the one feature I found unusual."

They waited to see if it was the same one they were thinking of.

He deflated them with, "She had a very interesting strawberry birthmark."

Just outside Indianapolis, Ind., they took in a street carnival and joined the distended eyeballs at the dart-balloon pitch. The raunchy gal spieler had it made—the yokels couldn't bust a balloon for gawking at her balloonery. What attracted Turtz and Tasker, however, was a steel-wool sex quality, the kind of whipcord beauty that went out with the real Annie Oakley. She was wearing a fringed buckskin skirt and under the soft flow of her lines there was a granite soundness that would come through photographically.

Tasker took over the pitch while Turtz took her back of the tent. She posed in a fetching twist to show how a girl can lace a buckskin in the back without assistance, jumped on an upturned waterbucket and pulled up the skirt as if there were field mice in the back lot.

Figuring they'd hit something different and salable, they were in a Gypsy spirit when they gave her back to the bumpkins and set out to retrieve Ben Willard. Not surprised that he wasn't at the girlie show, they finally located him in the fortune teller's tent, chinning with a wizened old soothsayer. The two of them were chortling over a scrapbook.

Tasker and Turtz were all fired up to tell them about their frontier girl when Willard casually unfolded a Sunday feature spread from the old doll's scrapbook. Pictures by Ben Willard. Carnival at a Hartford, Conn., stop-over. Center shot—the same balloon dart girl.

With plenty of color in their kitbags, but no plentitude of green in the kitty, the photographers headed into St. Louis, a printing center and home base of half a dozen big calendar concerns. The classified pages of the phone book yielded the addresses, but the calls yielded two "bought up" answers and one handful of praise for their color-work, and the information the firm had plenty of brunettes and blondes and was in the market only for redheads.

They were in a mood for the nearest hock-shop until Harvey zeroed in on the outfit's receptionist. Her image stuck with him all the way down the hall. At the elevator, he did an about-face. He came back with the receptionist in tow.

"But this is a blonde!" Tasker protested.

Harvey close-mouthed them down to the dime store cosmetic counter and back to their diggings.

What they went back with — and sold—were seven pictures of the firm's own steno—now a flaming and provocative redhead thanks to a little bleach and the right Ektachrome filter.

Turtz recalled being stationed at Camp Crowder and doing a week-end in Kansas City.

"There was this mere child, worked in a dime store," he enthused. "I'll bet she'd be a million dollar baby by now."

"Or shopping for store teeth," Willard glummed.

They looked in every dime store in Kansas City, but then Turtz figured as how it might have been Kansas City, Kansas, so they crossed the river and looked in every dime store there, too.

"Hasn't it occurred to you," Willard beefed, "that by now she would have graduated to a dollar store or got married or kidnapped or something?"

They decided he might be right and checked into a motel for the night. Right from the Mississippi westward is where the motel got its start and it was the West that raised it each new step from a tourist cabin—interesting sproinggg mattresses, tile baths, lounging courts, sun-decks, swimming pools and automatic check-in for men whose wives are not the women with them. So it was that the motel Turtz headed into had a deluxe kitchenette with everything in it but food. Tasker said he was tired of the steam-rack variety and would get some.

He was a long time getting back, but when he did he was loaded with groceries and the dark little doll behind him was loaded, too.

"Check-out girl at the supermarket," Tasker filled them in. "Was describing to her what I do to a steak and she claims to do it better."

She filled up the kitchenette with femininity and alcoholic spirit and when her work smock got a little uncomfy, she opened it on a frilly underthing.

"I told her we were photographers," Tasker explained. "She has a very interesting strawberry birthmark."

Willard let it ride and rubbed a big palm over his face like Edgar Kennedy as she weaved a little and popped a frozen steak out of its foil and watched it bounce on the floor.

"Quickie steaks are quicker'n little old me," she fogged.

Figuring they'd better freeze her on film before she froze on the floor with the steak, Tasker stood her in the middle of the room, bounced a couple of RSP-2's into the corners and tried to focus. She kept weaving in and out of focus, muttering sweet somethings. Remembering a doll in Richmond who'd had the same fidgets out of nervousness instead of alcohol, Tasker had Turtz lie on the floor out of range and anchor her feet. She thought it was a game and wanted to hold his feet, too. Finally, they propped her in a corner and jammed a table against her. She promptly folded, wriggling up onto the table and curling up. Enured to the trials and necessary adjustments of the traveling photographer, Tasker took it as an off-beat pose and then got her out of there, returning to tackle the steaks himself.

They got into Amarillo the next afternoon and Turtz vaulted out of the Chev in pursuit of a corn-fed cutie in for a day of shopping. His direct,

(*Continued on Page 50*)

Girl With Shoo-Fly Pies

THIS IS THE FIRST hen the peripatetic photographers got to nest in their caboose studio. She with the improbable glint in her eye is Effie Green Holden, a farm girl cornered by the zealous lensmen as she walked down a country road carrying a pie in each hand. Her answer was NO to all their propositions. She finally consented to their photographing her pies, which they claimed would be of interest to the Birdseye frozen pie people. After recording the embroidery of Effie Green Holden's pies with four different cameras, they cajoled her into shy compliance with a half-hour posing stint in the back of their trailer. She was illuminated by a spotlight rigged from the 12-volt battery of the Chevy. Two sealed-beam reflectors were affixed to the roof of the trailer with "gator" clamps. Effie couldn't have been more impressed if it had been a sitting in a Bachrach studio. Once she got the fever, the pies were forgotten and the boys finally had trouble evicting her. She said it was cozier than her farm bedroom.

new faces are discovered in the oddest of places

A small-town girl is mesmerized by the traveling photographers

IT WAS A BEER STOP in Carlisle, Pa., Tasker getting the beakers and waiting outside the bar while Turtz and Willard gassed up at the Esso station down the street. It was late and photography that day had somehow run its course . . . so this Annabelle had to do just about everything except eat the railroad track before Tasker got around to noticing her. She fiddled with her shoe and faddled with her petticoat.

Tasker put the beer down and dropped the flap on his carrying case, pointing his camera at her like a loaded gun.

Did she mind?

She not only was agreeable to posing, but was anxious to display her skill at track walking, calling out happily, "When I was a little girl, I used to do this barefooted."

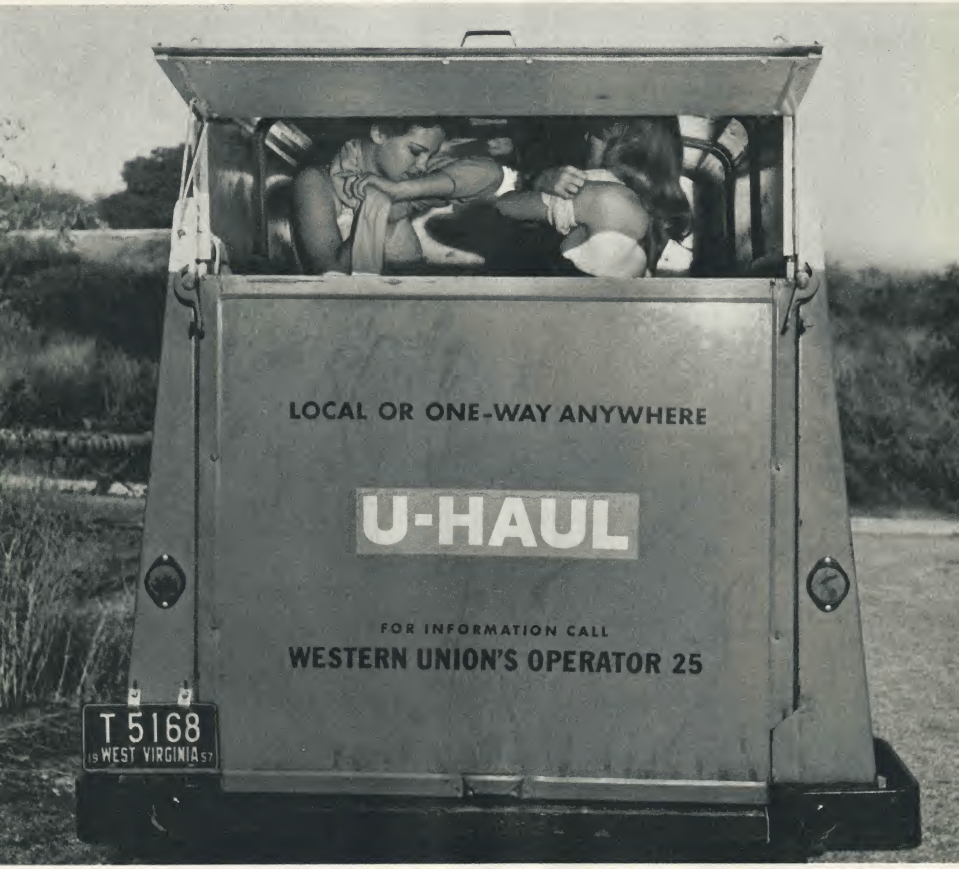
By midnight the beer stop had developed into a rye on the rocks stop and the boys were still pub sitting, huddled around the prettiest track walker in Southern Pennsylvania, breathing in the sweet aroma of her Annabelle-like chatter.

What's a girl going to do when a man won't look at her?

"When I was a little girl I used to do this in my bare feet"

what is it?

Darkroom? Dressing Room? Bachelor Apartment?



A ROVING PHOTOGRAPHER'S all-purpose quail blind is the rental trailer you can pick up anywhere and leave anywhere. It's a beauty bin, field piece and bachelor apartment without the etchings, but plenty of itchings.

For example, a single assignment more than paid the cross-country rental. Harvey Turtz knew this press agent for the Alamo Ballroom in Indianapolis and the boys picked up a fat fee doing publicity shots with three models from the Bottom Dollar Department Store. With the three of them and a commodious loan-out wardrobe, they made for the rustic country.

During the flurry of changes, and some pin-point aperture shooting, Duane Tasker jammed a spool of film

(*Continued top next page*)

in his 35mm. camera. He improvised a field darkroom by taking one of the girls' billowy half-slips tying a knot in the top, ducking inside and unjamming his camera.

Other jamming involved brakes as male motorists paused to ogle the boondocks boudoir on the side of the highway. The girls finally had to put the trailer flap up to avoid a traffic pile-up. The "Soft Shoulders" sign didn't help.

some girls are hard to catch

BEN WILLARD, the jaded, tired, beat-up mail order catalogue photographer who swore he had sworn off filming females, always on tap with his dry and salty wit, somehow did find a camera when another member of the crew flubbed a "contact" with the girl. Here on this page are some of the turn-tail subjects he recorded in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Kansas, and New Mexico. These unwilling models gave a variety of reasons for not wanting to be photographed. Among these were "What will my boyfriend, ma, pa, and the girls in the putty knife factory think." "I haven't decided whether I want to be famous yet" or she would lisp, "I'm famous already," and toss her hip.

Two chix nix six pix

Even the most adept photographer is going to run across a reluctant model once in a while. There are the shy ones, the suspicious and the tittering ones.

In Kansas, a blonde runs and takes a sudden interest in the depths of a well

"The other side of the coin is often the one to state the value"

STEPHANIE QUINN

The Greatest Thing in Hitch-Hiking Since the Swollen Thumb

DUANE TASKER has posted three film-paks with the editors of *GP* to back up this bet: that no photographer or group of photographers can set out on a similar cross-country hunt without coming across at least one dame with a Narcissus complex.

Such a one was Stephanie Quinn, who was hitch-hiking near Terre Haute, Ind. She was lean and lithe with an axe-handle smoothness and an axe-blade wit.

Here's the way the Narcissus complex works—at least the way it worked with Stephanie. Like any comely dame who has possession of a mirror, she knows what she's got. Someone had told her once that she represented some kind of sex symbol when she sat on a fence, so that's the way she did her hitch-hiking.

"Why not?" the roving camera men thought, and she gave the fence a whirl.

The result was that Stephanie didn't want to have her picture taken unless she could be sure it would bring out the TRUE her. Coming along after similarly nutty females halfway across the United States,

(jump to top next page)

Stephanie met her match in Turtz, Tasker and Willard. Figuring her a worthy subject and worth the trouble, here's the way they got around her typically female foible: Turtz and Tasker would stand side by side, the one with a Polaroid, the other with a Konica. Both would shoot the same pose and then, to appease Stephanie's complex, show her what came out of the Polaroid. What she didn't know, of course, was that what the Polaroid caught wasn't necessarily what the Konica got. But you run into these things.

Stephanie Quinn was out there lingering on that country lane in Indiana only because, she claimed, a fat salesman who promised to take her all the way to Phoenix tried to go farther than that before they got five miles out of Terre Haute.

She wanted to get to the coast and a crack at TV films and the boys were

DUANE TASKER

willing enough to lug her along in spite of her monstrous appetite and great skill at outfumbling for meal checks, but she got restive at their constant stop-overs to shoot other good-looking dames and checked out huffily at Kansas City. Also, the boys got a little full of the fence routine.

Her phobia even colored her en route conversation. A sample: "There are fences for keeping out and fences for keeping in, ones for making boundaries and others for passing the time. The tightest one of all is the one around your mind."

They took it in dead silence and Willard was thinking that the creep who told her about being a sex symbol straddling a top rail ought to get ridden out of town on one.

At one point before they dumped her in Kansas City, she lunged across Turtz and grabbed the hand brake and gave it a tug. The car skidded into the berm and she landed at Tasker's feet. She scrambled up and got the door open and bounded out, heading into the field.

"Another damn fence!" Ben Willard groaned.

The Lore of Picking Up Female Hitch-Hikers

THE WAY THINGS ARE these days, hitch-hiking doesn't provide the photographic field day it did a few years ago. The female hitch-hiker is mostly out for the lark of it any more. The doll you used to find sitting on the curb waving a wistful thumb is now the cutie you bang bumpers with at the stop-light, hugging the wheel of a Jag or a T-bird. Today's lady in distress is more likely to have a flooded

(Continued on Page 55)

A Slippery Bathing Suit

GOING WIDE ANGLE lenses, kaleidoscopes and even cinemascope one better, three photographers with three cameras can work wonders — photographically and psychologically. Besides multiplying the split second coverage of a single event three times, they give a reluctant model the feeling of safety in numbers. The latter worked with Miss Valerie Armond beside a little lake in Carbondale, Ill. Her last year's swim suit was shy on coverage and a little goods was beginning to reveal a lot of goodies. She might have been embarrassed with a lone wolf lensman, but with three bemused males she was more inclined to laugh off what wouldn't go on.

the junkman's daughter

IN A JUNK YARD, Hildy Gottsman was found rummaging smudge-faced through an old kitchen stove as Tasker plowed through a mountain of junk looking for interesting props. Convinced a fey butterfly hid behind that lampblack face, he wooed her into a bit of intimate posing on one of her father's old iron beds—in the back room.

Sweet Springs, Missouri

the upside down girl

IT WASN'T THE JUNGLE GYM in the kiddies' playground that made Harvey Turtz' blood run to his head. It was Lana Partridge, who clung to the pipework with the tenacity of a three-toed sloth and the enchantment of an inverted negative of Nirvana.

"Me Tarzan, you Jane," he jibed and she collapsed to the ground in a cuddly heap of laugh bubbles. Others seeing Lana in an epidemic of upside-down posing asked why she liked to hang from her heels.

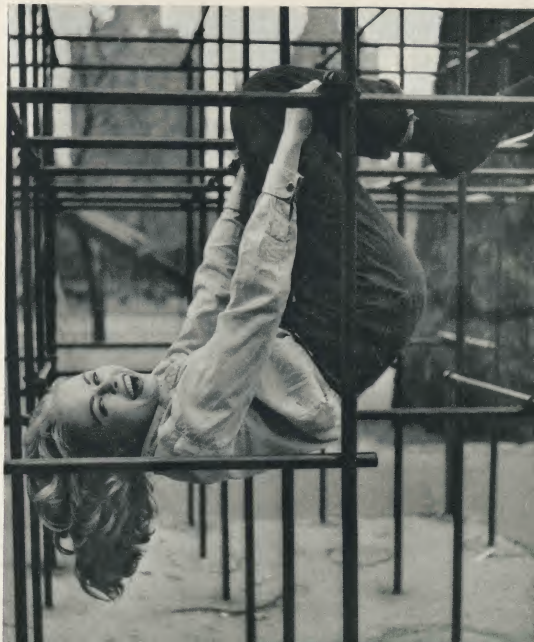
"It makes me bubbly and dizzy all over," she explained.

Turtz tried it and got wobbly and dazy. His

light meter went to his head and the only refuge was behind the camera.

It was late afternoon and Lana said her flock of Sweet Springs, Mo., Junior High-flyers had gone home to brag about the muscles she'd helped them attain that day. A Phys Ed major, she earns her cake and schnaps by herding young'uns through the nip-ups and twister tucks every day. To set the prime example, says she, it's cricket to hang around after class and dream up new angles for the next day.

Accepting an invite for a sloe gin at her flat afterwards, Turtz was a little disappointed to find she roomed with a mousy algebra hen who looked upon his calling down a long and doubting proboscis. With his sloe gin, all he got was the additional information that Lana extends her upside-down theories to reclining in a seashell chair. He never did find out if she slept in the wall bed without pulling it down . . . the mousy room-mate was a veritable crone of a chaperone.



the little hopped up car hop

ANY MALE COAST-TO-COASTING will have his appetite sharpened considerably by the sight of tight-pantsed females paragraphed along the highway eagerly handing out hot dogs and cold Cokes. These are the Queens of Carhop U.

Mary Berry was the lucky 13th car-hop-mop logged by the expedition's cameras. Gifted with the snappy patter, she served barbs with the barbecue at the Whole Hog Drive-In outside Ash Grove, Mo. The perambulating picture-takers took her for a sub-deb looney and asked if they might record her on film. She thought they were pulling her leg about posing until Turtz showed her the greatest thing since the Chicken Inspector badge—a well shined Nikon. She wrapped a skirt over her short shorts and went to their motel to chronicle some of her funnier bits.

Once inside, off came her skirt and she resumed her off-beat kind of jazz. Right away she was up on a chair taming imaginary lions. From there she ran into a corner and came back a Spanish bullfighter. She then picked up a towel and turned into a harem slave girl. Ben Willard threw her the broom and she made out like it was Tony Curtis, lapsing into ecstatic love.

"Are you ready, I'm ready"

Tasker and Turtz gave each other the nod. Even old Willard managed to let a gleam slip into his placid face. Here was the girl they were looking for. They put down the lens and called her over for a chat.

"What you need, honey, is an agent."

"Don't be a fool," she said, "I get my kicks here, being discovered every day by traveling photographers and movie people. Had a Hollywood contract once — *never got to act!*

In all, the boys photographed thirty-seven carhops. There was the singer who had been to Hollywood, hadn't displaced Grayson, and was back steering a tray and singing the praises of the menu every hour on the half hour. Another girl, a ballet student, did double pirouettes while balancing a loaded tray. One glamorous goof-off seemed to take short vacations between orders, but was quick about posing. Once they even met a carhop who wanted to be a carhop.

"You have to visualize me"

"I can be very, very mysterious"

"I'm a warm hearted girl"

"and I can make mad, mad, passion"

"he would be so-oo tall!"

"Won't anyone
buy my violets?"

dressing room on the beach

FREE-WHEELING FREELANCE Harvey Turtz, who has photographed females in almost every probable place in the world under the most improbable circumstances, got a new kick from a little blonde discovered on Route 63. She was Amy Burton and he caught her curled up asleep in the sand beside a small lake. Her ornate playsuit rattled Turtz' artistic sensitivity to such an extent that he asked her to slip into the black knit bathing suit she had with her. How? She did it in half the time it takes a $20-an-hour model to powder her schnoz. Amy avowed she could do it in her sleep—said she had always changed on the beach—ever since the Elks club beach house burned down.

Each female has the standard two hands, but Amy proved that the anatomy otherwise has more automatic clutch than Dynaflow. The blanket, for instance, can be anchored by chin and thighs while both hands unzip, unbutton, roll, twist, and disengage.

Par for the course is three minutes and Amy can trim that to two if the wind is right. It takes five if all that is at hand is a hand towel. Amy can get into a formal in a phone booth, she says, and maybe into a G-string behind a handkerchief. Blankets are her favorites for changing, but she gave up the Indian variety when she once found a brave was still inside. And GI blankets are strictly for overnight passes.

eureka!

When what comes off under there is only everything, there is only room for one, unfortunately.

It isn't every gal that can come out from under a blanket with that dewy-eyed expression. Amy keeps the struggle to a minimum by making the hand quicker than the eye. A bra in the wind puts more on blanket than you'll find in a crap game and you can't fade those assets with any kind of money.

DUANE TASKER

mobile home honey

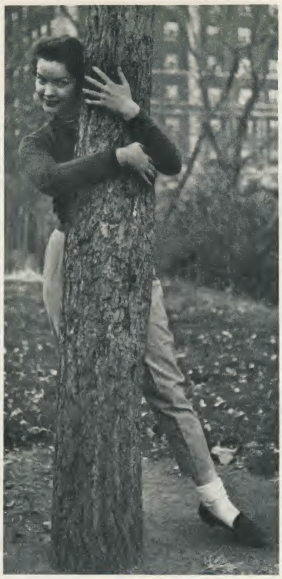
(why men go camping)

ANY TRAILER CAMP is a gold mine of photogenic females. Mobile homesteaders have their own camaraderie and an unwritten law that you must be friendly. Three photographers raising come-hither brows at the most likely camp cuties were not thought unusual. With time on their hands, the girls welcomed their new acquaintances. And some of their trailers were as comfortably fitted as Fifth Avenue apartments — ideal for makeshift studios. Low ceilings and high-gloss walls bounced plenty of light. A peanut bulb or a small strobe light-head threw light into every corner.

a lady in distress

FILLING STATION STOPS for the motorized photographer yield a fair share of portfolio possibilities. The next pump may turn up a cotton-top lady cab driver, a convertible heavy with giddy teenagers, a Volkswagen bus full of lady wrestlers, a lone show gal Dallas-bound for a club date or a heartbroken debutante seeking new horizons.

At a rest room stop at Yuma, Ariz., Tasker was enthralled by the sight of a blonde drenching tears over a yellow coupe she'd smashed up the night before and had come back by day to see if it was all too true. It was and she was too sad to even argue about posing.



A DOG DRAGGING A GIRL around on a leash can be a photographer's best friend. Lacking a dog of his own to make nose-to-nose contact, the photog can bone up on doggie double talk. He can be sure of getting unusual expressions from the girl's face if he starts rattling off some pseudo-technical tidbits about the breed of her pet, its conformity, the set of its muzzle, the spread of its haunches and the spacing of its spots.

who me?

ALL OTHER APPROACHES failing on a doll near Wichita that Harvey Turtz had his personal power pak charged up for, he developed what he came to call the Willie Howard gimmick, after the late, great double-talk artist. As the doll stood waiting for the milk-run local, he eyed her with a look of great concern and said, "Parme, ma'am, but aren't you getting some flip on your ertling?" She looked around at her seams and hems and at the right moment, Harvey laughed and said, "Oh, I guess its just a little acetalization of the transvexer." She never got it straight, but she was hooked enough for him to get in a straight pitch and get his pix. Later, like the Ritz Brothers, the three tried it as a team, talking across a gal about her trallesemit or malfreeds or cordetems. Curiosity hooked 'em every time.

Cycle Club Siren

ON A LANGUID morning on Route 66 west of Albuquerque, Willard and Turtz were dozing on their elbows while Tasker fought the illusion of melted highway always just ahead. Out of nowhere, forty motorcycles razzled down on them, each equipped with a 12-cylinder female in the saddle. Succumbing to their pack tactics, Tasker screeched, nearly clipping the rumps of two of the girls who darted in front of him.

This was the Powderpuff Cycle Club of East Albuquerque and these gals were not to be denied. They circled the caravan Apache-style several times and then dropped their mounts and headed for the cool waters of a reservoir. As if the world had been suddenly rid of the male animal, they unceremoniously skinned out of their leather jackets and denim slacks and leaped into the swim. Settling back to observe with the aid of several cans of beer, the boys were soon joined by a non-swimmer and fellow beer-lover, Aggie Truant. Tasker, an old texture-lover from way back, was taken by her sand-covered back and put her on film.

hiccups

PHOEBE LONG, found clerking in a hat shoppe, warned the boys she got a queasy stomach from shutter clicks, but they tried her anyway. Result: a siege of hiccups that lasted for an hour and a half and gave every picture a weird, cliff-hanger expectancy.

TASKER & TURTZ

do martinis and picture making mix?

A DOZEN POLAROID PRINTS of two prize ponies a Texas rancher was shipping "right now" to California netted the trio $82 and an invite to an Axe Handle and Hoe Convention at Phoenix, Arizona. The convention had its full complement of ambitious, fame-loving females, so when the merriment got thick, the boys smuggled three of the girls out of the banquet hall and photographed them in their lollies and sipping champagne. Aware that for the working photographers, hypo and hooch don't mix, the boys rested on the laurels of their $82 assignment and tested the old wheeze that a between-jobs photographer can attain a certain nutty character with random shots while holding a gin fizz in one hand and a Leica in the other that he might not get under the pressure of regular work.

Yuma, Arizona

an indian girl named doe

A blue-eyed streamlined princess is found in a clay hut

OUTSIDE YUMA, Arizona, the camera caravan got lured into a roadside Indian village, one of the garish claptrap emporiums the Navajo themselves admit are tourist traps. Its star draw was Princess Loving Face who had changed her name to Doe Montana when checking in at a posh Eastern school. Doe's daddy was a jobber for an Indian blanket firm in Passaic, N. J. Home for the summer, she regaled the tourists with frenzied war dances, but in private she showed the boys some racking rock and go. The end product of a long line of princesses, Doe had all the glow of a century of sun-goddesses. Noting she was never without an entourage of stern and muscular braves wearing blue suede shoes.

No one of them seemed to have any particular "in" with her. This puzzled Duane Tasker, so when Doe broke the ice with him by asking about stop bath and acid fix, he came right out and asked which of the braves might become her chief. Demurring, she gave them all a look of dismissal, saying she'd set her sights on Elvis.

The princess told us,
"There are as many moods
as there are moons"

beware of honey bears

THERE ARE GIRLS who can smell a camera like a bear can smell honey. While some impetuous females will give a photographer a rousing bad time when he approaches them, there are others who will pursue and tenaciously cling to a photographer like gumbo-gumbo. It was during a northern detour up through Colorado mountain country that the mobile camera studio stopped in a state park for a two-day layover. Film had to be processed and there were communications to be communicated. It was a mystery just how this little blonde, Sara Telly, sensed the boys were photographers. It became a little obvious when she detoured far away from her family camp site to the common water pump. She hip-jiggled by a half dozen times. Like a good Captain Ahab on the scent, Harvey Turtz felt it his duty to log in every female in sight. So he made a few random pictures of Sara. She had a salted peanut appetite for picture making and a half dozen Rolleiflex rolls were not enough. She kept rummaging around the camp site, prying into every conceivable thing, making irresistable poses. Four and a half hours later, Turtz finally sighed, "I quit," and Sara consoled herself with a can of beer.

Sara Telly was not the only honey bear the cross-country camera men found. One moppet hid in their trailer in Kansas City and was not discovered until she got a good jogging when the caravan hit a stretch of unpaved road.

The intrepid honey bear is inclined to curl up and sleep almost any place.

The only way to appease a stray honey bear is to speak kindly to her and set out bits of food. One precocious breed will steal your cigarettes and pants.

If there's rumbling
on the roof
better stop and see
what little creature's
heisting a ride

the art of saying "cheese"

A scientific brain goes to work on the bookbinder's daughter

MOST PHOTOGRAPHERS have secret words and can appreciate what Harvey Turtz went through when he stopped at a country store just outside Topeka, Kansas. What lured him was neither hunger nor the jaunty harnesses in the window. There was this chick cunningly perched on a rum taffy barrel out front. Turtz developed a sudden yen for rum taffy. The girl's name: Eloise Redman. Her genesis: Out of bookbinder by cover gluer. Having never kissed a bookbinder's daughter, Turtz asked Eloise to be his model. All she could say was "Jeez . . . Jeeeeeze . . ." Turtz watched her mouth the word and couldn't recall a more photogenic syllabication. He had kicked around dozens of the old photographic hand-maidens such as "Cheese," "Seventeen," "Fiddle-Faddle," "Froufrou," "Chumly," "Heathcliffe" and "Tarpits," but he now fell into an orgy of scientific study, seizing the chance to discover what vocal sounds emitted from a pretty girl's face could most effectively elicit female emotions. For a nice, bedroomy effect, he tried "Moon on the moors." For a distraught, soulful look, he tried "Zero, Hero, Nero."

Eloise, he found, got an intriguingly touching look in her left eye by leaning forward and husking, "I love you, I love you." This, however, loused up his focus. Then Eloise, who was something of a poetess at heart, lapsed into blank verse:

Behold the frangipani
Of tropical hue
Cousin to sunshine
And of rainbow akin.

After working three and a half breathless hours with Eloise, Turtz lapsed into creative ecstasy as if he were a second Johann Gutenberg. He somehow felt that he was the man who discovered the movable face.

beauty school

In Las Vegas, Nevada, the glamour camera gang, scouting some streets off The Strip, came upon a beauty school with six comely students hanging out windows in their white uniforms. An old hand at appealing to pride, Turtz centered on a noteworthy brunette and asked her if she were an expert on make-up. He said he wanted to do a step-by-step picture-gram on home-town type make-up techniques for a fashion magazine. He laid it on with a loose squeegee and the brunette fell to the extent of bringing her room-mate along for a 45-minute demonstration. They took it in just as if it hadn't come out of the first six chapters of the Beautician's Handbook. Afterwards, Harvey got out an album of prints and Debbie Schultz, the brunette, got intrigued to the point of doing some posing of her own with the antique furniture. Left to their own devices, Harvey had convinced Debbie a long essay involving the canopied, four-poster bed in the corner of the room would be in order when there was some wild pounding on the door and he was raucously reminded the three of them, minus Debbie and her room-mate, were due in Boulder City that night.

the girl down the hall

AT A ROOMING HOUSE near Boulder Dam, Bettye DeVirgilis walked right into the photographers' lair. They left their door open and Bettye, on her way to the community shower stall, stopped with dropped jaw at the sight of Harvey holding up some transparencies to the light.

"You look just like my boss," she peeped. Turned out she was a dentist's assistant and when she learned the boys were photogs and not dentists she allowed as how no one appreciated her much in that white smock she wore all day . . . so she was eager, of course, to show what some other items of dress and undress could do for her. Harvey Turtz talked the camera crew into staying over a day extra to seek out more of Bettye's camera facets. He plied her with jokes and his Nikon, and Duane and Ben had to agree with him that old rooming houses afford more picture atmosphere than spit-and-polish chrome-plated motels. The old mining-town hostelry with gold dust still in the woodwork gave them a new slant on Bettye.

The Great Girl Hunt

(*Continued from page 8*)

courteous, cards-on-the-table approach seemed to be paying off until she opened her kisser and her ivories showed she'd been more on the syrup that the corn — a mouth of no teeth.

Nothing developed at lunch, so they spelled each other at the wheel and got into Albuquerque for some family-style chowing and some sack time in an old rooming house.

"I had a dream about an Indian maiden, full of import," Turtz told them in the morning.

"The dream or the maiden?" Willard wanted to know.

But they honored his instinct and wheeled through painted deserts to an Indian village 20 miles northwest. It had a fixed look, as if the Indians had put up drop fronts for a movie company on location and then left them there.

"They only bring Princess Towanda out for tourists in Cadillacs," Willard told them after nothing but withered ancestors came into immediate view.

Turtz persisted, however, and after passing some bucks to a buck, they were led to an adobe half up an improbable cliff. There, gracing an otherwise drab village lodge was a sort of Debra Paget with mudcake make-up.

"Pristine, untouched by civilization," Tasker whispered exultantly, uncorking a plate-holder.

All out of the mood for quail questing when they hit Boulder Dam, the camera travelers holed up in a motel for some field developing and shipped another batch of prints back to their agent in New York City.

Then they headed into Reno, Nevada, after Tasker told them about seeing a movie called "The Opposite Sex" in which a lot of choice dames were putting in residence hitches to get divorces.

After half a day of prowling the dude ranches, however, they decided Hollywood had pulled a boo-boo because the dames they saw made it all too obvious what had happened to their marriages.

Now on the final leg, they paused at Palm Springs in hopes of at long last rekindling Ben Willard's limp libido, but Palm Springs, unfortunately, was between starlet junkets. So they lit out for Hollywood and the abode of Earl Leaf, bearded sage of glamour photographers and, incidentally, the man who was holding their mail. Leaf was out on an assignment when they got to his Sierra Shack, but they made themselves at home.

The Bearded Sage came clouding up the mountain in his Golden Hawk and the girl companion they could ogle through the picture window had not been turned out from a die.

"Leave it to Leaf," Turtz exulted.

"Standard Sunset Strip type," Willard insisted.

They came in and after introductions the dame went for a swim.

Tasker told Earl their problem.

"It isn't the different dame you need," Earl assured Willard. "It's the different setting. Anyway, you haven't done too badly."

He fingered open a panel behind the bar and handed out a sheaf of windowed envelopes.

"They can't all be bills," he said.

While they slobbered over the checks, Willard said, "You mercenaries miss the whole point. We came out to find a really different chick."

"How about these?" Earl wanted to know. He handed out some of his recent prints and even Willard got a gleam in his eye.

"Any one of these," Earl assured them, "could be classed as standard if you just took her at face — or body — value. But look what I did with each. There's more than just the girl there. She's backed up by lighting or a prop or a hunk of fabric or even an expression she might never have known she could give out."

They were thinking it over when Earl heard a splash from the pool and got one of his brainstorms.

Tasker fixed the drinks and they just sat staring at each other and then they had another and finally Leaf appeared in the doorway of an alcove and beckoned to them. When they went into the little room off the living room, there were three audible gasps.

The dame who had been swimming was belly

down on an upturned Chinese gong on the table. Around her very nude body were pineapples, papayas, lichens, celery and carrots with the tops still on them. Earl had sprayed her body with instant suntan and had a single bronze baby spot on her. The way she glistened made you want a knife and fork in your hand. In her mouth was a very large apple.

Tasker and Turtz still had their jaws open when they sensed the flashes behind them. They turned to find Willard shooting wildly . . . and not at the apple.

COMING: A ROUND-THE-WORLD TOUR

Two Madcap Dancers by Earl Leaf

shoot me tender

EVER STAND OUTSIDE a cupcake factory at lunchtime fiddling with your range finder? It's an old American custom for girls to heckle a man with a camera with the "Take my picture" type of jibe, but will she really hold still or is she just kidding in passing? The traveling photographers solved this age-old puzzler by simply pointing a Polaroid at the girls as soon as they yacked. Then, the prospect of seeing herself in just 60 seconds was more than she could pass up. Her vanity jogged, she was then virtually frozen in the view-finder.

From there, it was always just a nudge into the trailer studio. She lost her mirror and wouldn't pose without fussing with her reflection a bit. Harvey pointed her in the direction of the ferro-type tin on the drier and let her primp to her heart's content. She thought her Polaroid likeness was cold and didn't dig her depth? Duane introduced her to the subtle art of dodging and vignetting right there in the trailer studio. Few got off the hook once the boys got them into the mobile studio. What they didn't have in space and set equipment, they improvised.

EARL LEAF

The Art of Picking up Female Hitchhikers

(Continued from page 18)

carburetor or a flat tire than a famished pocketbook.

The alert gallant with the Retina IIIc who stops to patch the girl's flat should first look around to see if there isn't some other male waiting in the brush to take over as soon as the dirty work is done.

The first two little girls lost the mobilized photographers came across were shaggy-looking specimens lounging on a concrete culvert just outside Frankfort, Kentucky. Wasting no words, not even to inquire the boys' destination, they piled their frames and their cardboard suitcases into the car.

It didn't take long for the lensmen to decide that if it were character studies they were after, they'd hit upon two goodies. They looked like they'd tumbled out of haystacks with straw in their bodices, behind their ears and clinging to their skirts. One had a stocking that was snagged from knee to ankle and the other wore none. A couple of round-heels, they had saggy slips and mussed hair and their make-up looked as if it had been applied in the dark with a putty-knife. Their language was on the earthy side.

For the first time on the trip, yawnish Ben Willard exhibited some enthusiasm for the subjects at hand. His big brain flash: A Tobacco Road layout, using the two tattered girls as the passionate players. He located a couple of Lil Abners at the first country store and put them in his employ for a couple of plugs of Duke's Mixture. At an abandoned grist mill he worked out a little tableau of sex in the boondocks on a torpid afternoon.

Problems: The male hayseeds tended to play it for real and the two Daisy Maes insisted on bedding down in the trailer all the way to Peoria, Illinois.

The Perambulating Log Book

At the briefing session prior to departure of the glamour caravan on its cross-country trek, GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY asked Duane Tasker to record any tidbits of information he thought would be interesting to fellow photographers. Here are some of Tasker's notes:

"Having pooled our limp resources to start with, we figured it would be equitable to put all earnings in one pot and come tally time, repay all original shares, dividing what was left when we hit California. We conferred on possible markets and, to facilitate communications and give us more freedom on changing our itinerary, we decided to use an agent in New York City.

"First of all, of course, we were out to find new ways, means of discovering faces. Clearly, it was a big game hunt and we were greatly concerned about techniques of tracking and trapping. I was designated keeper of the log and each day we kept a running box score. Ruark and Hemingway and those boys can put notches in their magnums — we were out to get as many different brands of lipstick smudge on our sling straps as possible. We figured there can't possibly be as much goose-fleshing to sneaking up on a smelly tiger as there is getting close enough to get the spoor of a sweet-skinned dame.

"Thus, thoroughly infused with the sporting aspect of our junket, we went the whole aperture and attached a score-card to the sun visor of the Chevy, noting the date and the "kill" for the day. After a great deal of thinking with our lens-caps on, we finally agreed on pruning down from 12 categories of possible subjects to three. We put these three categorical headings over blank columns on the score sheet and classified the gals we ran into as we went along.

GRAB GIRLS

"The first column was for types you might get with a fixed-focus, turret lens camera — the ones noted waiting at stop-lights, coming *out of revolving doors, waiting for buses,* snatched out of the melee

(Continued on page 57)

HOW TO CAPTURE A GIRL IN A TELEPHONE BOOTH

Is A DOLL who's in a phone booth and glued to the receiver necessarily incommunicado as far as a desirous photographer is concerned? How can you turn off the gab when even a garter belt adjustment doesn't slow down the yubba-yubba? If you press your point too hard is the party on the other end likely to be the kind who could climb through the wire and belt you? These were some of the things Harvey Turtz was mumbling to himself outside a roadside telephone booth near Phoenix, Arizona.

He might have pretended to need the phone to summon a doctor (he was dying from the tension of wanting to put her on film) or he could have made some cutting remarks about how SOME people sure get their dime's worth . . . or he could have told her he was allergic to perfume and if she stayed in there much longer, he'd go into a catatonic fit when he went to use the phone. He might have got her attention by snapping his fingers . . . instead, he snapped the shutter of his Cannon V-t. Was she distracted? Completely shattered . . . her conversational thread left hanging in the air.

Once he convinced her he was NOT one of THOSE sidewalk photographers and she wouldn't be asked to cough up a quarter or go through a big sales pitch on economy enlargements, hand colored originals and lifetime chromes in studio vellum folders . . . that, indeed, she would be GIVEN some nice 8 x 10 glossies absolutely FREE of charge, her peepers got as round as a lens shade and she was in his pocket.

Miss Chatterbox agreed to spread out from the confines of the phone booth into a nice, roomy rented dance rehearsal hall for some flings at being glamorous, flirty, devilish, beguiling, thoughty, wistful and just plain alluring. Turtz found that the hall and the tone of her skin came best with #22 bulbs and gleefully went through a film-pak convincing her there's more communication in a camera than a phone call.

Log Book

(Cont. from page 55)

of a Saturday afternoon crowd or caught knees and thighsing out of a taxicab. This same category was used for the 'Ooo, no, not ittie me-sie' ones and those who openly objected and even those who had some weird ideas about where a camera would fit and offered other unprintable bits of advice. Others had cut their literary teeth on Mike Hammer, suspected a caper and took to their heels.

GIRLS WILLING

"In the second column we had the general heading 'Willingly photographed,' meaning those tracked down and heeling without too much baiting. A quickie sales pitch or a show of previous shots usually sufficed. The offer of free and almost immediate prints was usually pay-off enough. In a camp set-up, we could deliver overnight and this kind of service plumbed the egocentricity that is in every good-looking dame in varying amounts.

GIRLS EAGER

"Our third columnar category was simply 'girls, eager,' for those who spotted our caravan and went out of their way to make themselves noticed. The big words 'Glamour' and 'Photography' on our trailer proved quite compelling. The eager ones included tantalizing teenag-

(Cont. on page 62)

photographer's dream

To DEMONSTRATE his point about the right subject in the right setting, Earl Leaf, the femme-mentor of Hollywood Hills, invited the itinerant photographers to accompany him on a Hollywood-type glamour-quest to the manse of Mamie Van Doren which lies cuddled in the yon side of Hollywood hills.

As the props upgraded the property, the rail-birding lensmen got the bleachers spirit and the shouting with the shooting made it difficult at times to tell who was giving the lesson in lensing. Always a gal with a firm grip on any situation, Mamie deftly turned the low whistles and tongue-clucking into an atmosphere of smooth, seductive innocence.

Among things the trio learned: An expert like Leaf, working with a mental giant like Mamie, needs little more in the way of direction than selecting a fur wrap-around from her ample wardrobe; a mime like Mamie gathers more from a lift of Leaf's eyebrow than other dames with other lensmen get from lengthy instructions.

Great Dane in the Morning

FOLLOWING the Mamie Van Doren session, Earl Leaf invited the three travelers on another junket – this one to prove his premise that many an upcoming hopeful is picture-worthy, too. The doll in this demo was Dane Arden, a Danish dream-dish who promptly underlined Leaf's philosophy by greeting them on her patio in the successor to the Bikini, a see-kini.

In Leaf's own words, Dane is "a honeysuckle blonde of twenty summers who graces the scene in California's San Fernando Valley, next door to Universal-International Studios. Dane may yet join the star-studded heavens of Hollywood fame and she's hard at work studying English, voice and dramatics."

The trio hopes she's not too successful with the English. They flipped when she cooed: "Even the Hollywood volves are nize. They take girl for ride in convertible car vich is zofter than handle bars of bicycle as vas Danmark Volves asking for girl to ride." This kind of chattery will get her everywhere!

EARL LEAF

EARL LEAF

Log Book

(Cont. from page 57)

ers who would come by slinking their hips in unison and piping 'subtle' bits like 'Take our picture, mister.' There were plenty of sly-shy ones who'd sidle up, peep in the drop-flap and look over our shoulders while we dried prints. The overly-persistent ones were not only posed, but put to work washing and drying prints or tidying up the trailer. Then there were those who brazenly used the photography gag to impose their charms on three lone men. They displayed their yen for domesticity by offering to cook lamb chops over an open fire or hot biscuits on a stick.

"The sole problem with the eager ones was getting out of a location without escorts once a trio of eccentrics made themselves prettily obliging. This situation would get doubly taxing when these femme fatales would prove to be traveling in our direction.

"The top cute clown in this category was the bumbling blonde who kept appearing at our camp site in the middle of the night, fumbling and stumbling through our bailiwick—once walking right through our trays of hypo in her nightgown. She got Turtz so flustered he got a complex about the NEXT flash of his strobe being the last. He kept testing it till he flashed it dry. Her claim to being a chronic sleepwalker didn't hold water after we inquired around the camp and found she only chose to pad her somnambulistic way through our particular diggings.

"Space limitations precluded carrying a large supply of glamour props. We settled for a couple of cashmere sweaters, a pair of leotards, a Merry Widow French bra, a pair of knit panties, a chemise and a couple of diaphanous nightgowns. We also carried a small box of make-up, including mascara, dark lipstick and pancake rouge.

—DUANE TASKER

EARL LEAF

YOU NEVER KNOW what you'll find in Earl Leaf's archives, the travelers discovered. They gazed long at Earl's collection of pictures of the girls from abroad who were competitors in the last Miss Universe contest. The pert blonde with the cottony hair turned out to be Miss Holland. She combined beauty with sturdiness and a look of determination. Wouldn't mind having her wooden shoes around any time!

MISS SWEDEN, who happens to be a blonde beauty named Ingrid Gorde, has the same tranquil appearance which is Ingrid Bergman's trademark, but which hides a driving temperament. She looks both fragile and healthy, delicate as an orchid and strong as a tree — definitely a child of nature. Miss Sweden is tall and graceful, intelligent, more interested in marriage and children than in having a career, a wholesome attitude for a girl.

MISS GERMANY (Marina Orschal) appealed to the gents who decided she'd picked up some tricks from her French neighbors. She was coquettish, cute, entirely feminine. She admitted to wanting to be in show business, preferring America to her native land. Her dark hair was lustrous and her skin very white. There was vitality combined with daintiness, dreaminess along with alertness. All of her qualities showed in her varied expressions.

ITALY HAS PRODUCED some of the great enchantresses of our time — girls like Lollobrigida, Sylvano Mangano, and Sophia Loren. Their bid for Miss Universe would naturally be a bewitching beauty such as Rosanni Galli, a slender, olive-skinned girl with flowing dark hair and snapping black eyes. Like other famous beauties of her country, she has natural grace, a range of emotions and expressions to denote them.

EARL LEAF

EARL LEAF

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S WORLD OF

Strange, Exotic, Beautiful Women